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AUGUST, 1899.

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THE MANIFESTO.

Books & Papers.

The July number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE contains many excellent features. The illustrated article on Nicaragua is particularly timely, and imparts much information relative to the route of the new canal. Rev. J. T. Roche contributes a second paper on Belief and Unbelief; and the Rev. Jas. H. Cotter writes in warm approval of Macbeth as Shakespeare's master-piece. Some Gaelic Scholars; is the caption of an article that will find many readers. It is illustrated with fine portraits of the leaders, Bishop O'Donnell, Douglas Hyde, Rev. Eugene O'Growney, Rev. Richard Henebry, and Rev. Michael Hickey. The finely illustrated paper on Augustin Daly's Life and work sets forth the personal character of the man, his achievements as a dramatist, his business career, and his influence in remodelling and elevating life on the stage. No truer or more sympathetic estimate has been published. The fiction of the number is excellent and varied. The Golden Harvest; runs through some very entertaining chapters, and there are several bright short stories. A Plaything of Fate; a serial by Anna C. Minogue, the well known Southern writer, begins in this issue. It is the story of a young girl's struggle against adverse circumstances, and is a strong picture of the triumph of character. Rev. J. M. Harrington writes entertainingly of Pagan Ruins in the Orkneys, and Susan L. Emery analyzes the poetic work of Francis Thompson. There are many fine engravings and poems, and a miscellany of interesting department matter.

With its infinite variety of excellences, the July *Ladies' Home Journal* appeals to every taste and touches every interest. It opens with The Most Famous Little Town in America; which pictures many interesting spots in historic and literary Concord. There is a delightful view of social life in the Colonial days in When Washington was Married; which brings to light many new, interesting facts. A series of almost incredible narratives in The Moonlight King; tells of the follies and eccentricities of Ludwig II of Bavaria. The gifts to our Government from foreign Powers are described in Presents That Have Come to Uncle Sam. Ian Maclaren discusses the pulpit and the pew in an article on How to Make the Most of Your Minister; and Katharine Reich writes of The College-Bred Woman in Her Home. The fiction of the July *Journal* includes a continuation of Anthony Hope's serial, Captain Dieppe; the conclusion of A College Courtship; the second of Ol Peckham's Opinions; and a humorous portrayal of The Valor of Brinley, by John Kendrick Bangs. Entertaining in the Country; How to be Pretty Though Plain; What it Means to be a Dressmaker; Birthday Parties;

A Boy's Club-House on the Water; are some of the seasonable, practical features. Mrs. S. T. Rorer writes on Hasty Eating and Hurred Meals; and Cooking Over All Sorts of Fuel; and Maria Parloa describes and pictures new and effective labor-saving devices for the home. The Gossip of a New York Girl; details the very newest fancies in feminine attire, and Pretty Stuff for Midsummer Frocks; are described. Two pages are devoted to Floral Porches and Vine-Clad Cottages; an attractive feature filled with suggestions for every homekeeper. By The Curtis Publishing Co., Phil. Ten cents per copy, one dollar per year.

The Midsummer Fiction-Art number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, published July 20th, bids fair to be the most brilliant of the season. Within an artistic cover by Wenzell, will be gathered such contributions as: An illustrated poem by W. D. Howells; short stories by Ruth McEnery Stuart, Joel Chandler Harris, Edgar Fawcett, Etta W. Pierce and Larkin J. Mead; a golfing extravaganza, by Van Tassel Sutphen; A Day of President McKinley's Life; by Mrs. John A. Logan; and reproductions of four of F. Hopkinson Smith's most beautiful water-color paintings, with comment by Perriton Maxwell. The fiction features in the above enumeration are illustrated by the following well known artists; Albert B. Wenzell, Howard Chandler Christy, F. Luis Mora, W. Granville Smith, Clifford Carleton, Hugh M. Eaton, Charles Grunwald, H. C. Edwards, Frank Adams and George E. Brill.

Why we need a knowledge of Phrenology is broadly illustrated in the June issue of THE JOURNAL OF HYGIEO-THERAPY. Papers on the Science of Life, by the Editor; Where it is most Needed, by Elsie Cassell Smith; and Woman and her Needs, by Madame L. D. Windsor are especially praise-worthy. Price 75 cts. per annum, single nos. 10 cts. Published monthly by Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co., Kokomo, Ind.

WORD AND WORKS for July, 1899 is at hand with timely forecasts for July. Readers always take an interest in this good paper. Subscription \$1.00 single copy 10 cts. Word and Works, St. Louis, Mo.

SKETCHES OF SHAKERS

AND

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXIX.

AUGUST, 1899.

No 8.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

THE OLD INHERITANCE.

By Elder Henry C. Blinn.

“THE holy bond of matrimony,” as it is sometimes called, brings forward a subject which has more or less direct influence upon every religious Order, and well it might, as it is the foundation upon which the order of the world stands. On the inspirational strength of the following passage, as well as from the animal passions to which it strongly appeals, this has become a favorite text in the Christian church,—“And God blessed them and said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth.”

The first chapter of Genesis is very full and explicit in the commands which God gave to the several orders of his creative work. All the vegetable and animal creation are under the same common law. All are created male and female and assigned to a special duty which should ultimately replenish the earth.

Man, who is said to have been formed in the image of God, receives the same law as does the animal. Nothing in this part of the sacred record places him above the beasts of the field, in the work of generation. The law of reproduction becomes the law of God and receives from the Creator the divine benediction “very good.”

We next find that Adam had a companion to assist him. The Bible says, “God brought her to the man.” This forms the first marriage ceremony. Admitting that the ceremony was performed by such high authority did not, in the least, change the animal relations of the man and woman, any more

than it did that of the beasts of the field or the fishes of the sea, as they had the same command to multiply.

Under no consideration could this law be ignored, and the anticipated success attend the creative work. This same direct interest followed the race from generation to generation, and became so marked in its results that those who maintained it were denominated the sons of God, and those who ignored the law were called the sons of Belial. The same regard for the race was manifested through all the Judges and Prophets, and culminated in the mysterious birth of Jesus.

In accepting the divine mission, Jesus is said to have sanctioned what God had so carefully arranged in the garden of Eden, by his presence at the marriage at Cana and by contributing to the enjoyment of the guests. He accepts the hospitality of Peter, who is a married man, and finally makes him a bishop of the church, which agrees remarkably with the Apostle Paul, who says that a bishop must be blameless, and the husband of one wife.

Jesus blesses the little children that come out to meet him, which may be accepted as an evidence that he approved of the generative life. Bible readers will readily find that the sacred volume has more advocates in favor of generation than it has of a virgin order. That the meekest man, the wisest man, the prophet, the high priest and even the man after God's own heart, were married, and more than this, some of them were decidedly strong advocates for polygamy.

Now with this Biblical and churchal education, we need not wonder that the Christians are so enthusiastic over what they call God's great command. The cause in which one enlists all his energies must necessarily absorb his life. The man who has become a life member of the Generation Society who reads and writes about it and strongly advocates it in public and private, might be expected to render a decision like this Rio gentleman:—"How remarkable it is that whenever an enthusiast in religion gets new light and adopts what he considers advanced views, he almost invariably begins to tamper with marriage. In this tampering he always betrays the charlatan and sufficiently warns all who attempt to follow him, to beware of him."

When this Rev. Mr. Worldly Wise Man had relieved himself of this decision, he must have been relieved, but possibly may have forgotten that others, as well as himself, could read the Bible, and at the same time have the divine right to understand it from their own religious standpoint.

It is very natural that the children of this world should think it right for them to enter the marital relations. It belongs, as they do, to a civil institution, and to an order of life which becomes a matter of worldly interest. It is the forming of a co-partnership for the mutual benefit of those who engage in it. All the laws concerning the marriage covenant are under the control of the civil government. This determines who may, and who may not be

married; who may, and who may not be divorced, and attaches fines and penalties to every deviation.

We do not dispute the point that those who get new light on the subject of the Christ life invariably find themselves at variance with the advocates of generation. And why not? Jesus says, "The children of this world, (not his followers) marry and are given in marriage," and this the much-married Rev. Dr. calls tampering with the marriage relation. On this point "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

Jesus taught a new and living way. He received advanced ideas, because an enthusiast on the subject of the kingdom of God. As proper as the natural order of generation may have been for Adam and the Rev. and their followers, it was not encouraged in the ministration of Jesus. Peter may have been a married man, but that no more prevented him from becoming a disciple, than because he was a fisherman.

Jesus said, "Except a man forsake all that he hath (and Peter had a wife) he can not be my disciple." St. Paul was another enthusiast who, like Jesus, advanced religious ideas, and he also began to tamper with the marriage question, to the evident disgust of the Rev. Dr. St. Paul was an unmarried man, as was Jesus, and he wrote to the churches, "I would that all men were even as I." Human nature is about the same now, as in the days of the apostles, and all may easily learn,—"To be spiritually minded is life and peace, but to be carnally minded is death."

East Canterbury, N. H.

REVIEWAL.

By Eldress Anna White.

LIKE the fulness of the approaching harvest comes our little Harbinger of peace and good-will for July. Each article teems with fruit of the new life—a life hid with Christ in God—a life as beautiful as a rose in its unfoldment, when sought aright—an eternal life, found in the acceptance of eternal principles, and found in each lovely Zion home where the standard of Virgin Purity rears aloft its snowy banner.

"Why Not Think," stops us at once from all other pursuits and we go to thinking; as we think, we reason, and as we reason we act, as far as power to do so in us lies. But, the reasoning must spring from pure motives based upon the fundamental principles of truth, or we may be led away by carnal reasonings, not having our thoughts sufficiently purified.

We are glad our dear Sister has favored us with her "Soliloquy." How many good thoughts are oftentimes kept concealed; by withholding them we miss the opportunity of sowing the seed of the kingdom come. Let us enter her garden, not merely to enjoy the sight and the fragrance of the flowers

there growing, but for the purpose of securing rare plants for transference and seeds for sowing, that we too may grow a garden, and in cultivating it, we ourselves may become the flowers of earth and the glory of heaven.

"Unerring Principle" should be placed alongside of B. Fay Mill's article "Between the Animal and the Angel," in the July "Arena."

The one claims absolute independence of every other one, while the other claims naught but dependence and a following after lest by any means they attain unto the resurrection of life. The one gives what is called the new thought of the day, just what is needed to stir and awaken the masses, but this thought, old of itself, does not tell you how to destroy a single atom of the old life, that is left to be told by a simple Shaker. Elder Oliver has done it. I repeat what he has said after an experience of fifty years in a life which is continually growing brighter and newer as the years go by, that the "happiest, purest and most harmonious organization that was ever on earth is a Shaker Community."

"The Mission of Disciples of Christ" is aptly and clearly depicted after the same manner. The disciples were to provide for the journey that they might learn dependence and trust in Divine guidance. "I have chosen you." "Follow thou me."

"Cycles and Magnets" is an article as interesting as is the writer. There is a ring of practical Christianity chiming through it. It brings us down to the era which George Fox initiated, and carried still further by Mother Ann Lee when she insisted upon the right of woman to her own body, which really insures all the other God-given rights and makes her the Comforter of souls.

Last, but not least, we find "God's Promises" concisely and interestingly reviewed by our beloved Editor. We go back upon them without taking one backward step. If not one jot or tittle of the law shall pass away until all be fulfilled, then do we not need to stop and reflect, and find out our bearings?

Elder F. W. Evans was a prophet in his day—was a follower of this school-master Moses—a believer in his law as being God's law. An article from his pen is so in unison with the one referred to, and so in keeping with the times that we are sure the readers of THE MANIFESTO will be interested and find food for reflection in its perusal.

"They sang the Song of Moses, the servant of God, and the Song of the Lamb in the morning and again in the twilight hour."

"We call ourselves Christians, and claim Jesus as our Savior. But Jesus was a Jew—the son of David, of the tribe of Judah. There were two laws, the law of God, which was pure and holy, being a reflex of the law of nature on the animal plane, and the penal law, which was added because of the transgression of the original and universal law of nature, by mankind. By that law was the knowledge of sin and its punishment.

The twelve tribes of Israel, Moses brought up out of the land of Egypt, where they had been immersed in all the sins of Egypt, and were possessed of all the diseases of the Egyptians, which those sins had created. The property laws of Egypt had produced poverty and riches, as in Christendom to-day. Capital and labor were as antagonistic then as now. Joseph, as primeminister of Egypt, had used his spiritualistic power to speculate and transfer all the property of the inhabitants of the land into the hands of Pharaoh. The continuous violation of dietetic laws had made the Israelites a band of invalids—patients; a catalogue of their diseases and maladies was fearful; and the sexual relations were in confusion, and had caused the first-born in each household to be slain, while all the male children born to Israel were doomed to destruction. The land was filled with mummies and dead people waiting to be embalmed, and with sorrow and mourning.

Moses used his spiritualistic power to deliver Israel from the grasp of the Egyptians, the greatest military power on the face of the earth. Then, by the same power he fed the whole nation on manna—a vegetable production—for forty years. This diet as food, and the pure water from the rock to drink cured the people of the diseases of Egypt, of which the Israelites were sorely afraid. In obedience, no one could say, I am sick! and neither were there any poor. There were no rich or poor; no sickness or disease; no noxious, destructive insects as are now over-running the kingdom of Antichrist-Christendom. In Canaan, all the people, male and female, were freeholders, vegetarians, and chaste, using marriage only for offspring, as George Fox taught and Moses enjoined.

Jesus was without sin, when he abstained from marriage, from private property, and from flesh-meat, or animal food. After confessing his sins to John the Baptist, the Christ spirit came to him as guardian Spirit. The God of Israel was a tutelary divinity, not deity. The Scriptures are not the word of God, but a record of the religious experience, history and literature of the Jews: And Jesus was no more the Christ than was Ann Lee; they were both baptized with Christ spirits. The Christ heavens are above all heavens, it is the heaven of heavens. God is not a trinity, but a duality—a father and mother. The natural world, with all that there is therein, shows forth the true order of Deity—of the God-head.

There was the law, and the prophets, who prophesied of the coming of the Messiah, and of a great work of God in the latter days. John the Baptist preceded the Messiah, and prepared a goodly number of people in Judea, for the first Christian dispensation which was founded at the day of Pentecost.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

A CHRISTIAN life is a life hid with Christ in God, every power of mind and body in the service of godliness.—*J. E.*

WANTED.

By Jessie Evans.

HOW much rushes into thought waves as we scan the wide sweep of the horizon inscribed by one brief word! Wanted! What is *not* wanted in this wonderful, wide world of ours? Everything that presents itself to the human eye has its definite purpose, else it would not have found its way into the vast creation of Gad. The great, unerring Law-giver has put into operation so perfect a plan that somehow, somewhere, sometime every individual life will fulfill its end in the divine mind. That we are so strangely and sadly distanced from this desirable millennial condition, to-day, after a human history covering a period of perhaps six thousand years, is part of the inexplicable system of salvation toward which evolution is steadily though slowly lessening the distance. Of theorizing on this broad, perhaps vague, subject, the flesh wearies and the heart faints; yet faith firmly anchors the mind to the assurance that in God's good time, and in ways perhaps mysterious to the speculative mind of the skeptic all the glorious prophecies of the ancients will be fulfilled.

But what of to-day? We have only the vital needs of one day to consider, to meet, to supply. The eternal future will come to us one day at a time. God's wisdom has so mercifully adapted his stupendous laws to our littleness that from morning till night is our only term of service. The Voice says to us, "Go work *to-day* in my vineyard," and, by way of hushing the undue anxiety so natural to the material mind, adds, "Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself," while the great Teacher instructs us to pray after this manner: "Give us *this day* our daily bread." In this one brief sentence, so deeply studded with faith in God's knowledge of our needs and his liberality toward our great necessities, we seem to be drawn with our hungering and thirsting in sight of the green pastures and the still waters of the divine landscape. Our needs lie open ever to the gaze of the Infinite. "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him," yet only by asking have we the promise of receiving.

The heart of the Christian Church seems burdened with the keen, deep-seated tribulation foretold by the Savior in connection with the hundred-fold blessing. Never yet did an individual or corporate life rise in defence of the unpopular principles of true Christian integrity without feeling the bitterness of opposing forces. This conflict is not limited to one section or to one denomination. Indeed whatever finds its way into the great arterial system of religious thought in this day of quick transmission is felt for good or ill more or less strongly in every church. The present burden is a universal one and represents the vital need of our day. What is the trouble in the so-called Christian Church? What is expected of it? How can this be fulfilled?

These are the burning questions that face us from day to day with alarming vividness.

I. Christ said, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and the Apostle adds, "The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; and in the light of this criterion we are able to discern the presence or the absence of the spirit which characterized the first true Christian Church. Read the second chapter of Acts, and mark the baptismal work which resulted in the conversion of three thousand souls, who "continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship," then turn to the church of these latter days whose corner-stone is imbedded in those principles. Where is it? Why?

The truth leads the questioning, bitter though our replies may be, and loath as we may be to utter them:—Have we not lowered the primitive Christ standard to our human weakness instead of reaching up with our deficiencies to its divine strength? Have we upheld the enforcers of our laws? How easy to blunt the keen-edged truths of the gospel that they may fall agreeably upon the ear of the natural man! When the divine message struck a chord in opposition to the selfish will, were we "offended because of the word?" It is human to screen from its inevitable condemnation" the sin that doth so easily beset," but no divine benediction can follow where the name of Christ is upon the lip but *the worship of self in the heart*. Only the simple mourn that the fruits of the spirit result not from sowing to the flesh, and that grapes grow not from thorns.

Above our foolishness, God's truth through the Apostle stands inexorable; "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; Every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but *he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire.*"

Without doubt this is the day of the fire test. Upon the altar of the church the shekinah of truth has never been extinguished, but by the compelling forces of our times our life work is put to the flame as never before. Here we see the glory of the righteous who put only gold to the fire, their virtue returns to them the more resplendent for the refining. Many of us, however, stand and watch the smoke of our hay, wood and stubble, over which we have invested so much careful planning in the vain hope of passing it as the genuine sacrifice. But, thank God, *we ourselves shall be saved*, not a faculty is injured by the crucial test. God's mercy permits us a new-born day, with the hope of life in its sunrise, and we may begin anew the work of consecration, this time with the sweet, sad experience of the past to nerve us to holier sacrifice. This is a blessed day to those who are studying the signs

of the times spiritually. While it records the obituary of selfish hopes, man made creeds, earthly fears, and human calculations, it heralds the birth of clearer insight into gospel truth, broader conceptions of God's dealings, and a strengthening resolution to rise upon the "stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things."

II. What is expected of the true Christian Church? That it shall be CHRISTIAN in the full sense of the word. Jesus said to Peter, in this connection, "Upon this rock (revelation from the Father) I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The Apostle refers to the "glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." The Church of Christ is expected to teach, as did Jesus, the answer to the universal question: "What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" Spiritual life is an obtainable possession, more real than the tangible surroundings of our earthly existence, and the creed of the church, if creed there be, should be worded, the testimony outlined, the ceremony guided, the socials conducted, the minister emboldened, the community instructed, on lines bearing directly toward this power of God.

III. How can this be fulfilled? Only by a positive maintenance of the Pentecostal standard. Human methods may vary, the principles of God are "from everlasting to everlasting." Plant the testimony of Christ in the soil of honest hearts and its fruit-bearing is certain. Hide the leaven of true Christianity in any community and its penetrating properties make themselves felt and known. But—"Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees which is *hypocrisy*."

Wanted—the Church that will meet this stirring call! Wanted—the ministry that will not reserve one jot or tittle of God's searching truths! Wanted—they who will "hear the word and receive it, and bring forth fruit, some thirty-fold, some sixty, and some an hundred." "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

East Canterbury, N. H.

EXPERIENCE.

By Elder Abraham Perkins.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. From my early years he has made me "to lie down in green pastures," and led me "beside the still waters." In such a degree as light and gospel travel have given growth hath "my soul been restored," and "in the path of righteousness" have I been led. Yea, all the days of my life I have received the tender mercies of the Lord, and for all these benefits my soul doth praise the Lord, and with all my powers it is my delight to serve Thee. Yet, having thy continual blessing and care, thy hand giving me strength to walk in justification, however great my blessing, I realize my humanity, my inherited infirmities and weaknesses, consciously or unconsciously cultivated, so clear has been my

vision, that egotism is obliterated and positive knowledge has been both evoked and impelled, evincing the truth, that the power of protection, spiritual baptism, salvation of soul and peace of mind are gifts from above, not begotten of humanity, but from within, and only as we sacrifice self for their possession do we obtain these gifts.

From personal experience, and the reading of my own book of life, I have learned that the possession of the Spirit and progress in the paths of Wisdom I have attained has been wrought by Spirit influence, and as my mind expanded and became capable of receiving increasing truths, they have not been withheld, but kindly and graciously transmitted, thus gradually working salvation. Hence, the annihilation of self, and the breaking down of pride, arrogance and worldly principles is the stern work to be done by our individual efforts and labor, which alone are the means of victory.

In my soul, many, many times do I cry,—Who then is to be redeemed! Who, O Lord, is to abide in thy tabernacle and dwell in thy holy hill? David, the psalmist, explicitly solves the problem:—"He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness, and speaketh truth in his heart: he that backbiteth not with his tongue nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor. He that doeth these things shall never be moved."—Psalms, xv.

East Canterbury, N. H.

LOVE.

By E. B. Gillett.

Love, turns defeat to victory,
And keeps the colors flying;
And in the soldier's heart re-lights
The embers almost dying.
Love turns the tide, and rifts the cloud,
And cheers the lonely sailor;
And fills the sails with merry gales,
And calms the stormy weather.
Love warms the cold, and cools the heat,
And makes a blessing of defeat;
It turns the blackest night to day,
And leads us, in a wondrous way.

Olive Branch, Fla.

NOTHING can long delight him who delighteth not above all things in God.

THE MANIFESTO.

AUGUST, 1899.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is published by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

Address all communications to

HENRY C. BLINN,

East Canterbury,

Mer. Co., N. H.

TERMS.

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A cross in the margin will show that your subscription has closed.

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NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

June.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

Thermometer.	Rain.
1898. 68.33	5.265 in
1899. 69.84	3.375 "
Highest Temp. during this mo. 90 above 0.	
Lowest " " " " 50 "	
Number of rainy days " " 5	
" " clear " " 9	
" " cloudy " " 16	

July, 1899.

JUNE has been a month of moods. The first half was very dry. There were frequent indications of rain, but for more

than three quarters of the month the rains parted, a portion going north, and the remaining portion going south, leaving us only the lightning, thunder and drought. On Saturday, the 24th inst. we had a variety storm which seemingly shook the heavens and the earth. Lightning and thunder, rain and hail poured upon us in torrents without respect for persons, and apparently for property. We had $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches of rain in a short time, interblended with hail. The hail did no good and not much harm. The lightning shot a bolt into a locust tree injuring it severely.

This year we have taken 74 bu. of asparagus from the bed. $33\frac{1}{2}$ bu. of strawberries have been gathered from ten rows. Cherry picking at present engages the attention. Grass, a light crop, for want of a suitable amount of rain. What has grown is being harvested. The new State Road is receiving its coating of gravel.

The health of our Community is generally good. A few of us are somewhat drooping. Our Ministry leave on July 5, for Watervliet.

Calvin G. Reed.

North Family.

July, 1899.

HAYING, hoeing and cherry picking about cover our activities this month. With regard to the first, owing to the nature of our soil, we have not suffered much from drought and expect as soon as the present reverse of drouthy weather lets us, to get in a very fair crop both in quantity and quality.

It is during this month that a garden usually begins to look like a garden. We have suffered but little from the lack of rain, and assisted by our friends things keep growing along nicely. These friends are very willing to help, and one or the other draws the cultivator along: in fact they are horses.

Sour cherries, as usual, have been very abundant and we have picked a good many bushels for sale, but of sweet ones we have had only enough for very limited

home use. Next year is their year of plenty.

Brother Daniel Offord, ever busy where pipes are concerned, has been putting a new iron aqueduct into our saw-mill, the old one, in use many years being leaky. While pouring some lead into a hole in a stone in which he intended to fasten a bolt, the boiling liquid sputtered up into his face and splashed the glasses he was wearing. Some water had got into the hole unknown to him. To say that we are thankful that he was wearing those glasses is putting it rather feebly. As it is, he was somewhat burnt, but what the consequences would have been if he had not had his spectacles on is something we would rather not think about. Sufficient unto this particular day, most certainly, was the good thereof.

Frederic McKechnie.

South Family.

July, 1899.

INDEPENDENCE DAY has come and gone, yet we are as independent and dependent as before. The ever-glorious Fourth proved a fair day. The elements conspired to perfect perfect weather. Fully appreciating the unseen efforts, a party from here, in company with our nearest neighbors, the Second family, celebrated the Fourth at Queechy Lake, in the town of Canaan.

It is a beautiful, pacific lake, formed by nature and surrounded by pretty groves, with pretty cottages and a pavilion where rambles can hide should a tempest and a storm arise. At 12 o'clock we were seated to a rich repast of the fruits of the orchard and garden. Reading, singing with speech-making and mirth generally ruled the dining hall of the rustic flag-draped shelter. Boat rowing and racing formed a merry feature of the day. Elder Ernest Pick with his kodak took snap shots as we sailed away.

Sunday afternoon, the 9th inst., Eldress Anna, Sister Sarah and the writer enjoyed an interesting conference with Elder Henry C. Blinn and inmates of the Office at the West Pittsfield Society. We were

soulfully glad to meet our dear editor and pleasingly surprised to find him able to entertain us from his boundless source of useful knowledge. We trust another summer will find him located among the Berkshire hills enjoying frequent drives to our sunny hill-side home.

By invitation of Eldress Caroline we attended a musical reception given by the junior members of the family, and the sweet singing by the seven happy songsters added new joy to the afternoon's pleasure. We will long remember the singers. Returning to the Office we found our generous hostess, Sr. Martha Johnson, and her ready helpers had prepared a sumptuous feast of the good things of earth for our especial benefit, and we did it justice.

Elder Ira Lawson is a splendid host, possessing a host of goodness, making life sunny for all who come within the radius of his liberal hospitality.

The fair days find us on the mountain-top searching for the blueberries. It is gay employment, for the ledges are blue with the luscious fruit.

Genevieve DeGraw.

Alfred, Me.

July, 1899.

It has been some time since Alfred has been represented in Home Notes, but we are still a little band of earnest workers in the Master's vineyard.

July has brought the much-needed rain, but we hope to have more before long. It is the driest season known in this town by the oldest inhabitants. In consequence of the drought we shall have very little fruit.

The Brethren are busy haying. There will not be more than two thirds as large a crop as last year. The family garden is looking well, notwithstanding the lack of rain, thanks to Brother Frank Butler who has tended it faithfully.

The Sisters' workshop has been receiving a new coat of paint on the inside, and this improves its appearance very much.

A few weeks since we enjoyed a pleasant visit with Elder George Clark and the Sisters from Conn. We wish these visits were of more frequent occurrence.

On the 4th inst. the young people of our village enjoyed a picnic in the woods, and although a heavy thunder storm in the afternoon sent all within doors after a thorough drenching, yet the sun came out once more and we spread tables out of doors and prepared supper which was a pleasant ending of the day.

We extend love and well wishes to all our Brethren and Sisters, far and near. Our prayer is that peace and prosperity may bless every Zion home.

Eva M. Libbey.

Shakers, N. Y.

July, 1899.

OUR attention was especially attracted to the article in the July MANIFESTO by Brother Joseph A. Wilson, and we were reminded of the saying of Emerson, "Beware, when the great God lets loose a thinker." Something of importance must then take place; but whether it will be for the weal or woe of the individual thinker or human society at large will depend upon the source from whence is derived the thoughts that find expression in words and acts.

While it is true that there are some that have not the mental energy to expend in extensive thought, the majority of human life in our American Republic thinks enough, but the difficulty at present is to get them to train their thoughts in the direction from which will emanate results beneficial to themselves in the advancing of their ideal life, and as a result its outer manifestation, to a higher plane consequently benefiting humanity.

We are temperately optimistic and whatever strengthens our hope in the ultimate destiny of human life brings a pleasure that the external things of life can not take away; and to meet an individual thinker who draws from that fountain of spiritual energy the thoughts that take

form and expression as they come from the crucible of their life is of incalculable benefit to one who is reaching out with all the energies of his soul for the best that is attainable.

The drought that has prevailed in the eastern part of our country was felt here in diminishing the hay crop and the small fruits. Strawberries especially felt it; some fields in this section on the uplands were not worth picking. To read of the devastation by flood in some sections of the west, we can not help questioning why are these forces so unevenly distributed? We have many things to be thankful for, and out of all this apparent confusion the Almighty arm will evolve harmony. In this hope we will place our trust, working for a higher and more advanced life.

Hamilton DeGraw.

Union Village, Ohio.

July, 1899.

I FEEL a sincere sympathy for our dear Eastern friends on account of the severe drought afflicting them. We suffered out west here, two consecutive years of very severe drought, and doubtless it is more distressing in a mountainous and hilly region than on level lands, but we hope rain will come in time to save and mature the crops. Where are we to look for a living but from the earth and sky?

Our year, so far, has been peculiarly seasonable, and the crops have ripened up in excellent condition, of which the small grain has mostly been cut and waiting the thresher, to complete the harvest. Some sickness among us, but I am not disposed to dwell upon it, as I think we should arise, and triumph over all physical ills as Jesus Christ did, and sooner or later we shall surely reach perfection. The good Lord has it in store for us as soon as we are ready for it, but a further sacrifice of our animal appetites will have to supervene first, but—

"The glorious day is dawning,
The day of full release,
Even now it is the morning,
Of saving life and peace.

The train is swiftly nearing,
The headlights gleam afar,
Of a sweet Evangel cheering,—
Death's prisons to unbar."

The revival of Christ's spiritual power in healing all known diseases of body or soul is not very far distant, and the door will hardly shut between that glorious time and the Millennium, so long looked and yearned for.

We shall have a few apples; our small fruits are remarkably plentiful this year. Corn never looked better in this neighborhood and potatoes are very plentiful. Pears and plums very scarce this year;—the failure of the plums mostly owing to the ravages of the Curculio. Last year we had a very good crop which was all destroyed by this pest of the plum tree. We sprayed the whole orchard three times over last year but it did not make the Curculio one less, so we did not try it this year. Say! good eastern friends,—what will destroy the Curculio? If there is any such destructive agent, please let us hear of it in a Home Note.

O. C. Hampton.

East Canterbury, N. H.

July, 1899.

OUR beloved friends who sojourned at our mountain home between the 21st and 27th ult. left us richer for the blessing they imparted. Eldress Ellen Green represented our sister society at Harvard, Mass., while Elder George W. Clark and Sisters Angeline Brown, Mariette Esty and Alice Braisted were from Enfield, Conn. Such happy seasons give us a glimpse of the "hundred-fold" relation which is destined to supplant the narrowness of kinship. Will angel visits ever be other than "few and far between?"

In this section, at least, the drought is at an end. After two months of dryness the tears of the skies fell steadily for two days, as if touched by the parched wistfulness of the under world. The repentance was eagerly accepted by the forgiving earth, and the cooling drops sank

gratefully to their work. Haying is in progress and an average yield reported for this season.

Our ancient Church, which has survived one hundred and seven summers, is now receiving a much-needed coat of paint. Did it hear the Governor's call for "Old Home Week," and is it preparing the gala dress for the occasion? However this may be, such old settlers will not be away from home on the appointed date, and the thoughtful painters will also be there in person as well as in grateful memory.

The day School closed for the summer holidays on the 12th inst. after a term of ten weeks. The closing exercises gave proof that good effects follow good causes.

Our beloved Elder Benjamin H. Smith, while passing into one of the fruit gardens near home, was the subject of a severe apoplectic stroke at about 11.15 a. m. on the 15th inst. He had experienced a less severe attack while in the city of Concord one week previous. He was at once tenderly removed to the Infirmary, where until 3 a. m. on the 20th he lay unconscious. He rapidly neared the "streets of gold" and met the dear ones there. By a devoted Christian life of sixty years, his passport was sure, yet the suddenness of the illness gave us no time for the tender farewells which love would prefer.

Jessie Evans.

TRUST,

By Fidelity Estabrook.

God is with thee, why then falter,
Is His arm not strong to bear,
Does He not in every burden
Claim as His, the greater share?
Can we ever doubt His promise
Who has ever been our friend,
Who through countless ages calleth
"I am with thee to the end."

Every little bird that twitters
And each tiny fragrant flower,
Proofs are giving of His goodness,
Emblems of His endless power,

Even sunbeams sparkling brightly
 Messages of love now bring,
 Every voice of nature singeth
 "God is seen in everything."

Then we'll trust Him, trust Him ever,
 Through the day or darksome night
 Knowing that the way He guideth
 Leadeth ever to the light.
 Souls who wait on Him in stillness,
 Simply trusting day by day,
 Doing just the things He biddeth,—
 Following where He points the way,

Find a rest in gladly bearing
 Just whatever He may send,
 For His promise never faileth—
 He our Comforter, our Friend.
 When we're moulded to His likeness
 Then shall we be satisfied,
 From all selfishness and sinning,
 By His spirit purified.

We shall count the pain and struggle,
 Blessings free, in mercy given,
 Stepping-stones from earth's dark shadows
 To the firm, blest shores of heaven,
 And we'll thank the loving Father
 For each fear or heavy sorrow,
 Knowing that its fruit is gladsome
 On the bright eternal morrow.

Stars that twinkle in their brightness
 In the fields of heaven, so blue.
 Only can be seen when darkness
 Veils all other lights from view.
 So sometimes our seeming pleasures,
 If removed, leave freer sight,
 For the truths of God's great lessons
 In his promises so bright.

Then just trust him, daily, hourly,
 Trust him fully, never fear,
 List the echo sounds still nearer,
 "I am with thee, do not fear."
 Greater blessing ne'er was given,
 Than this presence at our side,
 We can travel ever safely,
 Hand in hand with Christ, our guide.

Though the cross seems hard and heavy,
 Hear him saying "Follow Me."
 He himself has borne the burden
 Up the heights of Calvary.

Yea, he knows—Oh blessed solace,
 All our weakness, doubt and strife,
 And looks down in love and pity
 On each sincere, humble life.

Then forever praise and trust him,
 Leaving all things to his will,
 He is faithful, failing never,
 His true promise to fulfill.
 Listen, he repeats it sweetly,
 "I am thy Father, Savior, Friend,
 I'll not leave thee, nor forsake thee,
 I'll be with thee to the end."

West Pittsfield, Mass.

THE MELLOWING OF CHARACTER.

By James Buckham.

It takes time to ripen character. You can not force it any more than you can force the ripening of an apple. There must be a season of growth, and then a season of mellowing,—first the soft spring and summer sun and dews and rain, then the dry autumn heat and the nights of frost.

It is life, and life only, that ripens character; and it takes all of life to do it, too,—the bitter and the sweet, the hard and the easy. Let us not be afraid, then to live, however intensely! The moral coward—the man who is afraid of life, afraid of its depths and its heights, its valleys of humiliation and its peaks of vision, its significant experiences of whatever kind—is incapable of developing character. All these are the ripening experiences of the soul. We must expect them, as the apple expects the noonday blaze and the midnight frost. It is childish to shrink from the intensities of life. Why do we live, if not to meet life's requirements and bear its fruits?

It is always a sad thing to see a soul yielding and breaking under the stress of life; a soul that complains perpetually because it is afflicted; a soul that groans night and day beneath its burden; a soul that holds up despairing hands to God, and cries out that it is forspent and crushed to earth, and can strive no more.

Souls are not made of such stuff as this. Souls are made to endure. Life's stress and strain are not to break them, but to strengthen them. There is not one of us who can not endure the discipline of life, no matter how hard, if he understands what it is for and seeks the divine aid in bearing it. It is simply because we so often misinterpret the meaning of trial that we are so weak to bear it. Looked upon as mere aimless torment, of course there is no grace in suffering. No wonder we sink beneath the burden if we fail to see the hand that placed it, and feel only, as we think, the grievous, purposeless weight crushing us to earth. Everything depends upon the *why*,—the why of pain, the why of struggle, the why of weeping. If we could see, day by day, the mellowing process going on in our souls, how differently we should feel about these intense experiences of life! But so many of us seem to have no conception of the real meaning of life. These vital experiences that are meant to cut our souls so clear and fine, like the delicate tools of the sculptor, are to us but sharp misfortune. We would fain escape them; they hurt us, and we hate them. Ah! what a sad misinterpretation of the will and purpose of our heavenly Father! We say he is hurting us, and that is all the meaning we get out of the marvellous process of soul refining.

Bravery, moral bravery, courage under the stress of life,—how sorely we all need it! Our childishness clings to us too long with its shrinking from all that is hard and unpleasant; its petulance, its shortsightedness, its complaining. When we become men and women, are we not to put away childish things? Let us try to understand, let us try to bear, let us try to co-operate! Note the sweetness and richness and beauty of those characters that have always resigned themselves cheerfully and trustingly to God's will, and have gone on mellowing and perfecting in holiness unto the end. Such souls afford some adequate explanation of what life means, or may mean to a true

child of God. They are revelations of ourselves to ourselves: for the image into whose likeness they have grown is a possible ideal to every one of us.—*From the Christian Register.*

MY ENEMY.

By Eliza Calvert Hall.

I have an enemy. And shall he be
A useless thorn to vex and worry me?
A dominant discord in life's perfect strain,
Marring my dreams, turning my joy to pain,
Molding my life to his malicious whim?
Shall he be lord of me, or I of him?

A bitter stream may turn the mill wheel round
A thorny tree may burn to heat and light;
And out of shameful wrong may spring the
flower
Of perfect right.

So from my enemy I may demand
A priceless tribute of perpetual good;
And lead him captive at my chariot wheels,
In royal mood.

Because my enemy hath cunning ears,
That listen hourly for my idle speech,
My words shall flow in wise and measured way
Beyond his carping reach.

Because my enemy has eyes that watch
With sleepless malice while I come and go,
My days shall own no act I would not wish
The world to know.

Because my enemy doth hourly wield
Some subtle snare to trip me every day,
My feet shall never for one moment leave
The straight and narrow way.

Because my enemy doth hate me sore,
I fix my gaze beyond him and above,
And lift, as shield to all his fiery darts,
A heart of love.

And of my enemy I thus shall make
A beacon light, to light me to my goal—
A faithful guardian of my house of life—
A spur and whip to urge my laggard soul;
And though our strife may never have an end
I yet might call this enemy, my friend.—*The Independent.*

THE primal duties shine aloft like stars;
the charities that soothe and heal and
bless are scattered at the feet of man like
flowers.

From the Bible Class.

THE KIND SHEPHERD.

By Hattie Crook.

In the Bible we are given the story of the lost sheep, where it strayed away from the fold, and when the master went out to feed his flock he found one missing. Then he left the ninety and nine and searched and called, until he found it, and then he took it home with him.

This shows us that Jesus was kind to everybody even to dumb animals. The lesson to be derived from it to me is, that the kind shepherd looking for his one lost sheep amid night and storm, is a sign that God will not lose his care and tenderness for us when we wander away from Him.

In our thoughts and ways we often wander away from this good spirit and like the sheep we stray from the fold of Christ. When the Christ spirit calls us we often do not hear, and if we do it is only to wander deeper and deeper into the jungles of sin and selfishness.

We at last want the comfort and rest found only in this heavenly fold, but where shall we find our rest and comfort? None but the good Shepherd who has searched our hearts for the first repentant thought can at last lead us home.

East Canterbury, N. H.

THE ABUTILON.

By Martha J. Anderson.

HAIL queen of the bells, the fairy bells,
Whose bloom gives such delight,
Thro' the summer days and wintry haze,
And the close veiled hours of night.

Thy chalices deep are filled with gold
And crown each towering stem,
Where emerald leaves rich tracery weaves
Around thy diadem.

Thy clustering buds each day increase,
And blossoms fair unroll,

Then withering fall to earth's dark pall
Robbed of the flower-soul.

Oh, the blushing rose and lily white
May all our senses please,
Their odorous breath they yield in death
To the passing summer breeze.

Not so with the bright Abutilon,
When its flowers lose their hue,
At their base is seen in the calyx green
Clear drops of honey dew.

Oh, lesson new for my heart to learn,
'Tis the secret of God's grace,
Some sweet surprise life underlies
Though we fill the humblest place.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED,
DON'T contradict people even if you're
sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of
even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you
don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in
the world is happier than you.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does in-
terest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that every-
body knows you.

Don't express a positive opinion unless
you perfectly understand what you are
talking about.

Don't get in the habit of vulgarizing
life by making light of the sentiment of
it.

Don't scoff at anybody's religious belief.

Don't try to be anything else but a
gentleman or a gentlewoman—and that
means one who has consideration for the
whole world and whose life is governed
by the Golden Rule. "Do unto others as
you would be done by."—*Ladies' Home
Journal.*

Deaths.

Elder Benjamin H. Smith, at East Can-
terbury, N. H. July 20, 1899. Age 70
years 4 mo. and 10 days.

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